warm water

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Characters:	Jecka (Class of '09), Nicole (Class of '09)
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by blvddesangels

Summary

Jecka knew that Nicole cut herself.

But that couldn’t prepare her to walk into Nicole’s room and see the results for herself.

OR

Jecka accidently witnesses Nicole harming herself. She helps.

Notes

short hurt/comfort jeckole! let me know what you think and as always stay safe🩷

Everyone knew that Nicole cut herself. Even Jecka. *Obviously* Jecka knew.

Nicole joked about it all the time. She brought it up casually, either as a punchline or maybe some sad self-deprecating look at her real self. She wore long sleeved shirts, jackets, the occasional hoodie. She had scars on her wrists, underneath all her bracelets– given, Jecka only saw those from time to time, when the girl showered or slept at hers.

Jecka knew that Nicole cut herself.

But that couldn't prepare her to walk into Nicole's room and see the results for herself.

"Shit, Jecka, wait-"

"Nicole, what the hell?"

The brunette sat on her bed, a small box of tissues to her left, a few underneath her arm that rested on the bed. Before she threw the razor down amidst the sheets, Jecka could see the metal in the girl's left hand. Both of Nicole's arms were sliced up, blood pooling in lines but dripping from one cut to the next, staining on her skin. Blood that ran down her arm was caught in the tissues, most of which were already soaked through. Not that Nicole's dark comforter would show much, anyways.

"Fucking hell, I-"

Jecka rushed to the other girl's side immediately, her train of thought gone as panic took console. "Nicole, I'm not mad, I'm not mad. I'm just- fuck- I'm just so, so worried," Jecka rambled, the worlds falling from her mouth clumsily. She reaches for the tissues, grabbing some before Nicole can object, pressing them to her arms. Nicole hissed at the feeling.

"Shit, be gentle, fuck- Jecka, please-"

"I'm not leaving, fuck off."

Jecka sat down quickly on the bed, holding the bloodied tissues in her hands as she swapped them out, trying to soak up as much blood as she could that was dripping from Nicole's arms. The cuts, the scars of which were mostly positioned only on her upper wrist, now spanned her whole forearm, almost all the way up to her elbow. Jecka couldn't make much out, but based on the bleeding, some of them must have been pretty damn deep.

"Nicole, you should have called me."

"Never in my life have I called you over this. Why would I start now?"

Jecka's eyes meet Nicole's, and now the brunette can see the glossiness of Jecka's, and against everything she had known, feels a pang of remorse.

"Because I care about you, Nicole," Jecka breaks their eye contact for a moment. "And, like… even if you just need a distraction or something so you don't do this, then yeah, I'll be

there for you."

Nicole goes quiet at that. "I just- don't want you to worry."

"You? Being selfless?"

Nicole flinches a little at her words, and Jecka immediately regrets them. "I'm sorry."

"It's okay."

Jecka holds Nicole's arms in her hands. "Let's go wash these."

Nicole opens her mouth to respond, but closes it shut after a moment, nodding her head. She stands up with Jecka, still holding her, and follows the blonde to the bathroom just across the hall. Jecka shuts the door behind them and starts the water in the tub, checking the temperature with her hands to make sure it's not too hot. When it seems okay, she looks from Nicole to the tub, and back again.

"I don't want to get my clothes wet," Nicole mutters, holding her arms out still, even though they're not in Jecka's hands anymore.

"Then take them off," Jecka says, like it's not a big deal.

"I-" Nicole falters. "Is that awkward?"

Jecka tilts her head. "Not to me. I want to help. It's okay if you don't want to, but I want to just… take care of you for a bit."

Nicole presses her lips together again, but nods. "Okay."

Jecka nods as well. "Okay. Do you want help?"

Nicole swallows, but nods. Her head hurts too much to think about this situation, her bubbling feelings for Jecka eating her from the inside. The cuts on her arms have started to seep again, and she can't take her eyes off of the blood dripping across her skin.

Jecka takes some toilet paper and wipes her arms clean, throwing the tissue away before pulling at the hem of her t-shirt. "Lift your arms, I can pull it off for you if you'd like."

Nicole lifts her arms as she's told, and Jecka pulls the shirt up over her head, lying it gently on the floor. She looks the brunette up and down not with judgement, but with a distinct softness in her eyes. "Shorts next?"

Nicole nods as the blonde grabs at the waistband, gently pulling her shorts down around her ankles, taking the pants and folding them neatly on top of the shirt. Nicole stands silently, watching the other girl, her blue eyes tracking her movements slowly. Nicole pulls her arms across her chest, self-conscious in the presence of the still-clothed girl.

Jecka pulls her arms softly from her chest. "You're getting blood on your bra," she says, trying to be humorous, but Nicole doesn't respond. Jecka grabs her hands and sets them

gently at her waist.

“Can I take your bra off?”

Nicole nods, too tired to argue, and she does the same when Jecka asks about her underwear.

When she’s naked, Nicole steps into the tub and sits down silently. The water is pleasantly warm, and she pulls her knees to her chest and wraps her forearms around her calves, resting her head on her legs and closing her eyes. The warmth is comforting, and it helps to relax Nicole’s muscles. She momentarily forgets that Jecka is there until she feels the blonde’s hand rubbing small circles in her shoulder.

“Are you okay?”

Nicole hums. “I.. feel awkward.”

“Because you’re naked?”

Nicole nods. Jecka blinks.

“Would it help if I got in with you?”

Nicole lifts her head, looking at the blonde. “Are you sure?”

Jecka nods. Nicole hums, putting her head back on her knees.

“Yes.”

Jecka doesn’t need any more words. She stands up from where she was sitting next to the tub, pulling her pink camisole off, along with her bra. She pulls her jeans off, and then her underwear, and she steps into the tub with Nicole, sitting across from the brunette.

She motions to the other girl’s arms, which had started bleeding slowly again, and cups water in her hands to run gently over the cuts. She reaches over to grab soap, rubbing it together in her hands before dragging that softly too around Nicole’s arms. Neither girl says anything for the whole ordeal, just sitting silently in each other’s company. Nicole keeps her eyes shut almost the entire time that Jecka is in the tub with her, and when she opens them, Jecka is curled up like Nicole, holding the brunette’s hands in her own, her thumbs running softly across Nicole’s knuckles.

“Why did you cut today?” Jecka’s voice, though soft, cuts through the silence.

Nicole swallows. “It’s like.. I have to.”

“Like you’re being forced to?”

Nicole shakes her head. “Like, I’ve done it so much that bad things will happen if I don’t. Like it’s part of my schedule. Usually I don’t do it so much, but I just kind of… disappeared? I stopped thinking and just kept cutting.”

Jecka looks at Nicole's arms. They had stopped bleeding, but the cuts were obviously still raw. Some were relatively shallow, but some would take some time to heal.

"Can I help?"

"Just stay here."

Jecka slides slowly towards Nicole, reaching one of her hands out. "Can I…?"

Nicole feels like she could cry, but of course her eyes don't let her. Instead, she just nods, and Jecka embraces the other girl in a hug. Nicole normally would feel hot, maybe embarrassed, her bare, wet skin sliding a bit awkwardly against Jecka's. But the blonde didn't say anything about it, just holding the brown-haired girl in her arms as she rests her chin on her shoulder.

"I love you, Nicole. If you need me, you know I can help you."

Nicole knows she won't take the blonde up on that.

"I love you too."

The tap keeps running until the water turns cold.

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